

14



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DeQuincey.*

THE great "English Opium Eater" is known to the world chiefly through his "Confessions and Suspiria de Profundis." Out of the pale of literary men DeQuincey probably is less read and less appreciated than any of the great authors who now occupy, or who have just left, the stage of English Literature. Even in our College community, where so true a scholar, a companion so entertaining, a philosopher so *poetic*, should be especially popular, Macaulay and Carlyle enjoy almost a monopoly of admiration. No one could well object to Macaulay's sway ; the sway of him, who has translated the dry materials of history into poetry ; who has wreathed the statistics and records of England's childhood and maturity into an epic of surpassing interest and rythm. But the influence of Carlyle upon our Literature is as deleterious as his English is corrupt. He stands forth the personification of studied eccentricity ; eccentricity, too, in the strictest sense of the term. He has wandered far from the common centre ; we might almost say, from common sense. In a word, he is a great Artificiality. Eloquence is desirable, but if it is to be attained by

Thomas * DeQuincey's Writings, 13 vols. Ticknor, Read & Fields. Boston, 1851-2-3.

uncalled-for abruptness, by a murderous *metathesis* of sentences and words conveying thoughts, of which at the best, we can only exclaim—*mysterious!* it is eloquence at a dear price. To be able to dress anew old thoughts is undoubtedly an excellence, provided the attire is within the bounds of good taste. But how flat to a sensible man, does that composition appear, which garbs the simplest thoughts in the language of mystery and terror.

In most modern writers there seems an obvious tendency to make small things appear great. Especially is this the case with those authors who write under the influence of unnatural stimulants, and this class is said to be on the increase. Hence DeQuincey, like Carlyle, is frequently morbid. But few can find fault with DeQuincey's English. Opium was to the latter what Tobacco fumes are to the former. How far both have sunk the dignity of human nature, is evident from how much higher both would now be esteemed, had they written independent of *such aid*. The defenders of narcotics, or mechanical inspiration, may call on us to explain the wonderful popularity of *strange* writers. To what is it attributable? Let loose a maniac in our streets, would he not readily attract a crowd, we cannot say of admirers, but of persons instigated by that curiosity natural to our species? But madmen have sane intervals in which they converse and act with great sagacity. Then every one is rejoiced to listen to them. Reason, as a lost planet, has returned, illuminating all around with beautiful and abundant light.

Let us now examine a few of the excellencies and extravagances of the "English Opium Eater." DeQuincey is distinguished less for the number of volumes, than for the variety of topics upon which he has written. That we may the better adapt our remarks to the scope of the Magazine, we shall adopt DeQuincey's own division of his writings. Into the First Class, he throws those efforts intended merely for the amusement of the reader." Into the Second Class, Essays, or those efforts "addressed purely to the Intellect." The last class embraces The Confessions and Suspiria, upon which as works of *art*, the author is willing to rest his reputation.

The Autobiographic Sketches, which have been lately published, are intended for the *amusement* of the reader. Though the author has thus classed the above work, it seems to contain no more of the elements of *fun* than can be found scattered here and there throughout the whole series. None of Mr. DeQuincey's works, however, are more strongly marked with one peculiarity of the writer than the *Sketches*. We refer to that fondness for episode which distinguishes this author. Running over the prominent events in his early life, should some word or chance allusion touch the spring

of his suggestive mind, DeQuincey immediately branches off into a separate essay, and only remotely connected with the subject-matter under discussion. The mention of a Royal personage is the occasion of numerous anecdotes of kings and queens. Some chance reference is made to Memory, forthwith memory is analyzed; its phenomena discussed. He speaks of the State. Look out for a dissertation on Political Economy! The word Genius somewhere occurs; "Genius and Talent," then, must be accurately defined." Hence an opportunity for a philological excursus. Especially wearisome are his digressions in the Autobiographic Sketches. It requires the patience of Job to follow him through the pages devoted to the "Warfare of a Public School," the "Tyranny of an Elder Brother," &c. The same is applicable to the chapters on the "Irish Rebellions." However good these *side-sketches* may be, the reader is constantly reminded, that he is perusing everything else but an Autobiography, or, to say the least, perusing one dependent upon everything but *personality* to sustain its interest. But the early chapters of the work may be said to redeem the whole. The Autobiographic Sketches, though opening with nearly the same subject-matter and language as the Suspiria, and this would seem sufficient to have precluded the repetition, have, certainly, a better claim in accordance with correct classification, to the parts of which we are speaking. Whenever the soul, its joys and agonies, is the subject of analysis, or description, DeQuincey has no superior in our language. For he seems to have been himself the child of passion, passion in the sense of *suffering*, whether of pain or pleasure. In either, his emotions are intense. Hear him in the description of a sister's death. How he stole unbidden into the chamber where the corpse was laid. How he with fraternal love sought a last look upon an object to him the dearest on earth:

"There lay the sweet childish figure; there the angel face; and as people usually fancy, it was said in the house that no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead, indeed, the serene and noble forehead, *that* might be the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath the marble lips, the stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish—could these be mistaken for life? * * * *

* * * I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Many times since, upon a summer's day, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind

arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell ; it is in this world the one great *audible* symbol of Eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances—namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day. Instantly when my ear caught this vast intonation, when my eye filled with the gold fullness of life, the pomps of the heavens, or the glory of the flowers below, and turning when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up forever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft forever ; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God ; but *that* also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and pursuit seemed to go on forever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death, seemed to repel me ; some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them ; shadowy meanings even yet continued to exercise and torment, in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me, I slept—for how long I cannot say ; slowly I recovered my self-possession, and when I awoke, found myself standing as before close to my sister's bed."

No one can read this passage without catching some of that intense emotion of which the author was the subject. The latter part of the quotation affects one, as if he were reading a chapter in Revelations, by which, doubtless, the description was suggested. We cannot refrain from a short extract relative to the funeral which followed :

" Lastly came that magnificent liturgical service which the English Church performs at the side of the grave. There is exposed once again, and for the last time, the coffin. All eyes survey the record of name, of sex, of age, and the day of departure from earth—records, how shadowy ? and dropped into darkness, as if messages addressed to worms. Almost at the very last comes the symbolic ritual, tearing and shattering the heart with volleying discharges, peal after peal, from the final artillery of woe. The coffin is lowered into its home ; it has disappeared from all eyes but those that look down into the abyss of the grave. The Sacristan stands ready, with his shovel of earth and stones. The priest's voice is heard once more—*earth to earth*—and immediately the dread rattle ascends from the lid of the coffin ; *ashes to ashes*—and again the killing sound is heard ; *dust to dust*—and the farewell volley announces that the grave, the coffin, the face, are sealed up forever and ever."

In the same chapter with the above, are the musings of this infant mourner, when in company with the family he attended service, on the Sunday succeeding the funeral. We have already taxed our reader's patience, and our own space, too heavily to allow of further quotation from the autobiographic sketches. But for beauty of description, for excellence of painting, if anything, the passages succeeding surpass those to which we have alluded.

One peculiarity of DeQuincey's, indeed, it may be styled a fault, is a tendency to pass too hastily and abruptly from the most sublime to the most ridiculous topics. Every one expects some plains on his route; but no one is desirous of being suddenly precipitated from the hill-top to the valley, "without enjoying the benefit of the gradual slope." A fair instance of ridiculous *katabasis* from a sublime *anabasis* is furnished in the "Spanish Nun." The description alluded to, occurs in "Kate's or Catalina's Passage over the Andes."

"She lay as luck had ordered it with her head screened by the under-growth of bushes, from any gales that might arise; she lay exactly as she sank, with her eyes up to heaven; and thus it was that the nun saw, before falling asleep, the two sights that upon earth are fittest for the closing eyes of a nun, whether destined to open again, or to close forever. She saw the interlacing of boughs overhead forming a dome, that seemed like the dome of a cathedral. She saw through the fretwork of the foliage, another dome, far beyond, the dome of an evening sky, the dome of some heavenly cathedral, not built with hands. She saw upon this upper dome the vesper lights, all alive with pathetic grandeur of coloring from a sunset that had just been rolling down like a chorus. She had not till now, observed the time of day; whether it were morning, or whether it were afternoon, in her confusion she had not distinctly known. But now she whispered to herself—*It is evening!* and what lurked half unconsciously in these words might be—'The sun, that rejoices, has finished his daily toil; man, that labors, has finished *his*; I, that suffer, have finished mine.' That might be what she thought, but what she *said* was—'It is evening; and the hour is come when the *Angelus* is sounding through St. Sebastian.' * * * * *

"Restlessness kept her in waking dreams for a brief half hour. But then fever and delirium would wait no longer; the killing exhaustion would no longer be refused; the fever, the delirium, and the exhaustion, swept in together with power like an army with banners; and the nun ceased through the gathering twilight any more to watch the cathedrals of earth, or the more solemn cathedrals that rose in the heavens above.

"The slumber that towered above her brain was like that fluctuating silvery column which stands in scientific tubes sinking, rising, deepening, lightening, contracting or expanding ; or like the mist that sits, through sultry afternoons, upon the river of the American St. Peter, sometimes rarefying for minutes into sunny gauze, sometimes condensing for hours into palls of funeral darkness. You fancy that after twelve hours of *any* sleep, she must have been refreshed ; better at least, than she was last night. Ah ! but sleep is not always sent upon missions of refreshment. Sleep is sometimes the secret chamber in which death arranges his machinery. Sleep is sometimes that deep mysterious atmosphere, in which the human spirit is slowly unsettling its wings for flight from earthly tenements."

This is a triumph of the imagination, an imagination pure and holy. The universe a cathedral, a guilty nun, exhausted and cold kneels and prays in " verdurous St. Bernard's hospice," the deserted convent, St. Sebastian, evening, the angelus, the almost death-sleep—all these images and incidents are finely delineated. Now what should we expect in the next sentence ? Such a transition as this ? " What is wanted just now for Kate, supposing Kate herself to be wanted by this world, is, that this world would be kind enough to send her a little *brandy*, before it is too late.

And immediately follows a dissertation upon the medicinal qualities of brandy, and an enumeration of numerous cases of death among the ladies, all for the want of a little *brandy* and a little *confidence*, or rather, from the excess of female *modesty*. Now all this may be true enough, but no one desires to be told of it, just after reading the foregoing chaste and beautiful description.

DeQuincey, in those of his Essays addressed purely to the intellect, where he has an opportunity to display *judgment*, is sometimes dogmatical, or at least appears so to most readers. But it must be confessed that he is a powerful antagonist to him who dares gainsay the conclusions of so thorough a scholar. We refer now to those articles on Cicero, some portions of the article on Style, and in fact, wherever he has touched upon historical topics. As he himself remarks how shocked is our modern conservatism to hear that Cicero was the veriest scamp in Rome, a mere demagogue, as destitute of principle as of patriotism, as villainous as ambitious. Even Demosthenes is summoned from the *hegemony* of Greek oratory. He must vacate the throne for Pericles, or share it to a disadvantage.

Isocrates, the *original* "old man eloquent," is made out a mere convenience to Greek literature, a kind of *vinculum* between eras, or in the language of DeQuincey, "a dumb-bell," the two globes of which represent two periods of literature. Now, Isocrates is merely to serve as a *transition*, or nexus between the periods, and his destiny is accomplished. Certainly a sad fall for the author of the *Panegyricus*!

And again, Socrates is heavily lampooned, Socrates the beau ideal of all that was good and great among the Greeks, whom the schools and colleges teach us all to venerate, what does this apparent innovator tell us to think of Socrates? Speaking of the "humbug philosophy of the Socratic school," of the more than Johnsonian authority which the old man exercised over his pupils, he says: "It is always Socrates and Crito, or Socrates and Phaedrus, or Socrates and Isomachus; in fact, Socrates and some man of straw or good-humored ninepin set up to be bowled down as a matter of course. How inevitable the reader feels his fingers itching, to take up the cudgels instead of Crito for one ten minutes! Had we been favored with an interview, we can answer for it that the philosopher should not have had it all his own way; there should have been a 'Scratch,' at least between us; and instead of waiting to see Crito punished without delivering one blow that would have made a dent in a pound of butter, posterity should have formed a ring about us, crying out 'Pull baker, pull devil'—according as the accidents of the struggle went this way or that."

It is unnecessary, even did space permit, to say much of the *Suspiria* and *Confessions*. Men of refinement, perhaps *super-refinement*, will always recoil from such a public rehearsal of private faults as these works contain. Many may object to such productions as deleterious to public morals, as *suggesting* excesses of which half the world would, perhaps, have never dreamed. But it is evident that mingled with some degree of vanity, on account of the sublime creations of a drugged imagination, the author was actuated by a sense of duty to the public. Whatever may be said of the "dreams," whether the healthy effect of a healthy imagination or the extravagances of a diseased one, some passages, especially in the *Suspiria*, approximate more nearly to the highest standard of prose-poetry than anything of which the language can boast. The apostrophe to opium, for example: "O just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for 'the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,' bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, and, to the guilty man, for one night givest back the hopes of his

youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and, to the proud man, a brief oblivion for

‘Wrongs unredressed and insults unavenged;’

that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses, and confoundest perjury, and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges; thou buldest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxitiles—beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompulos; and ‘from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,’ callest into sunny light the faces of long buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the ‘dishonors of the grave.’ Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of paradise, oh just, subtle, and mighty opium!”

In conclusion, we may ask, what are the just claims of DeQuincey as an author?

We should read him for the vastness, correctness, and profundity of his scholarship. Until very late years, writers in this country have been remarkable for laxity in this respect. We do not mean that our Review and Magazine contributions should be heavy with antiquarian mould. But *research* is essential to truth, and soundness of scholarship qualifies us for this. DeQuincey, though dealing more than most writers in the minutiae of history, is never dry or tedious on this account. So far from it, that the article on “The Essenes,” which is certainly one of the most elaborate, is also one of the most interesting of his Essays. And in this way, connecting topics intrinsically of little interest, with matters of importance, DeQuincey has brought to light much that is valuable. To no one are we more indebted for a correct knowledge of every particular, in the public or private life of that great Roman, whom he loves so much to call

“The foremost man of all this world.”

We are likewise indebted to DeQuincey for that almost inimitable essay, which in a few pages, under the head of Style he is properly a concise Philosophy and History of English Writing. In Style he is “*sni generis.*” Nothing, dependent upon *quaintness* for interest, occurs in his writings. He has peculiarities, it is true, and so does every one who is not merely a factitious man. He frequently uses what Mr. Whately, and before Whately, Aristotle names “*xεμια*” words, in contradistinction to “Proper” terms. For young writers to imitate him here, as to imitate at all, would be injurious. But, at the same time, no one who has observed how

rapidly the words of a language became little else than *sounds* and *signs*, can object to the substitution of symbols, which *compel* us to look for the idea *represented*.

De Quincey, then, has strong claims upon the gratitude of literary men. He has shown how *sound scholarship* may dignify and enrich literature. He has elucidated many doubtful points in *classical history*. He has contributed largely to the *wealth* of our vocabulary. He has left, as he justly claims, in the *Suspiria*, "a mode of impassioned prose ranging under no precedent in any literature." But with all his excellencies as an author, and virtues as a man, for no one can read his works without inferring the latter from the former, opium-eating must always detract from the respect which every one, even now, extends to him in a less degree. It in no manner palliates his crime that Coleridge, and it is feared, too many men of genius, must incur similar censure. For as there is no employment so noble and ennobling as the exercise of pure intellect, unclogged by base appetites, so there are few crimes more detestable than indulgence in what dethrones Mind, that one thing which is Godlike in man.

C. T. P.

On the Elements and Power of Popularity.

THE history of nations is an expanded biography of individuals. The records of the people, embracing their habits of life and thought, soon become valueless or obsolete. But as we review the past, we behold its great men standing out in bold relief; and we find that continuance has been meted to their memory in the measure of their importance to the world's advancement or retrogression, happiness or misery. To investigate the qualities of mind and character which have popularized their possessors through all time, is a most interesting study; and as the power of mind over mind has occasionally seemed almost measureless, inquiry as to its nature and acquisition must be also of great and practical value.

Popularity is the power of influencing the minds and actions of others. Man's animal nature is alone subject to physical force,—his intellectual constitution is beyond its control and above its power. Nor can argument, appealing to reason itself, convince of error, gain the affections or sway the will. The ideas and opinions, nay, even the judgment of men,

can only be influenced through the heart. Hence specious and effervescent talent may succeed in pleasing popular fancy, in pacifying popular prejudice, or in rousing popular enthusiasm. Influence thus acquired and resting on no other basis, is to that which is effectual and permanent, as fickle caprice to fixed principle;

“Or like the snow falls in a river,
A moment white, then melts forever.”—*Burns.*

It must have a stronger hold and firmer support to control the mind, retain the affections and guide the will. The passions and prejudices of a people are not, like their laws and jurisprudence, dependent upon enduring justice and determined by established precedent. Appeal to passion may excite, but cannot subjugate the mind,—appearances may captivate, but cannot bind the heart,—impulse may move, but cannot direct the will. There is a principle of Integrity, a love of truth, a sympathy with excellence in every soul, and to this better nature must those “truths which wake to perish never” be addressed,—on this imperishable basis must lasting popularity be built. That far-sighted statesmanship, which considers honesty not merely as the policy of the moment,—that moral courage, which prefers desertion from party to apostasy from principle,—that true, hopeful, earnest patriotism, which forgets self and sectional interest in the broad principles of national polity and national progress, can alone obtain a popularity as true and unwavering as themselves. If the mists in which the mere politician seeks to conceal his selfish ends, refract to the popular vision the scattered rays of true policy,—if the scorching heat of his interested zeal avails to warp the popular estimate of more honest men, or turn to a stagnant and corrupt pool the health-giving waters of moral purity, this unflinching integrity can alone pass their painful ordeal unscathed; and when the clouds have disappeared—when the troubled waters have become pure, display its figure yet unchanged, its purity yet unsullied

“Within the surface of Time’s fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay,
Inmovably unquiet, and forever
It trembles, but it cannot pass away.”*

Those who seek Popularity for itself, or as a step to emolument or office, are too apt to act the hypocrite, until hypocrisy becomes a second nature;—misled and blinded by the flickering fatuous fires of their own deceit, they halt and stumble in the path of their own policy. They

* Shelley’s Ode to Liberty.

should put away from before them, the false gods of the Senate-house and Capitolium, and serve their country with an eye single to her good.

I have dwelt thus at length upon Integrity of Purpose as a pre-requisite of Popularity, not only on account of its intrinsic importance, but because it is often undervalued or entirely overlooked in the eagerness of Ambition. Retributive justice is universally thought to follow neglect of duty or violation of moral law. Those who hazard their own best interests to seem provident for the public weal, perhaps consider such sacrifice too disinterested—such devotion too profound to escape flattering notice or thankful recompense. They forget the justice of a tribunal, more impartial than that of impulse,—the influence of principle, more enduring than that of passion,—the existence of a “higher law,” than that of policy. That the advocate of truth may thread the intricacies of falsehood, he must learn the grace and tact of eloquence;—that the statesman may unveil the demagogue, he must comprehend his gordian wiles;—but deprived of the support and guard of moral principle, the source and security of power has departed,—he may be yet a general, but without an army. If he cannot “be all things to all men” when politicians are to be propitiated and conventions controlled; if his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth, when popular audiences are to be amused and popular prejudices flattered, his integrity will rise superior to the deceits and aims of party, and

“ his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet tongued,”*

in his behalf.

The popular man cannot make himself a hermit. The successful statesman must examine narrowly all phases, and associate freely with all classes of society to ascertain its wants, capabilities and constitution; the popular author must have learnt the characters and fortunes of the world—the sensibilities and passions of the heart, ere he can portray the one or appeal to the other; above all, the popular orator, ere he can weave or spread an unseen net for the common regard—ere he can draw unto and with himself the common mind, must have closely investigated and thoroughly comprehended the laws of our common Nature. A general *Knowledge of Human Nature* is consequently an essential element of the popular character. It should include a perception, so instantaneous—a self-possession, so immovable, that no unguarded glance or gesture, not the slightest emotion that can be mirrored from heart to

* Macbeth, Act I, Scene VII.

cheek or echoed from mind to lip, may be able to escape its notice and interpretation. And if the heart, its sensibilities and its excitements, are thus revealed and comprehended, what a vantage ground hath been gained for the concurrent effort of Knowledge, persuasion and truth! Other acquirements or faculties may confer knowledge and power; this alone seems able to exalt man wholly above his humanity.

Necessary, of course, to permanent popularity, are abilities so great as to command public respect and confidence. The mind to solve great problems where national ethics are in dispute; the judgment to weigh great measures where states and empires are in the balance; the knowledge to guide; the prophetic sight to guard; the profound sagacity to govern, must be all harmoniously united. And great intellect, like great crime, "will out." Milton tuneless is a myth. That mute wisdom which, like its ornithological Minerva, doth not venture a note by daylight, is indeed to be commended for unusual prudence;—the all-sufficient, vain-glorious pretense, which, like the blind in Scripture, "leadeth the blind," shall continue in the analogy. To either might be addressed with peculiar force the words of Helena's sister: "To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within very little of nothing."*

And, in fine, the man of lasting popularity must be sincerely attentive to the position, feelings, and peculiarities of others, modest in character and demeanor, and equally careful to shun ingratitude and malice. No matter what success may have united his own bright hopes and brilliant attainments, he should be sought of Fame, rather than seeking; no matter what gift of patronage or power may bring others to his feet, he should acknowledge no criterion but merit, no obligation but gratitude, no revenge but benefaction. He must combine the elements of a sound mind with the virtues of a pure heart; must live a life superior to ordinary experience, still closely in sympathy with it; must animate his philosophy with an earnest enthusiasm and conform his enthusiasm to a correct philosophy. The ideal of the multitude, he must preserve his own individuality; the embodiment of his age, its spirit and its progress, he must be obedient unto the heavenly visitants, eternal truth and principle; standing on the level of every day life, he must infuse into it the thoughts of his own mind, the impulses of his own heart. The hermit in his cell may heap up knowledge, as the miser gold; but from the dark crypts in which he buries it, from grim cases of illumined parch-

* All's Well that Ends Well. Act. II, Scene IV.

ments and lettered vaults of treasured memories, has even now arisen a miasma, dire as the Pestilence, relentless as Death,—the miasma of popular hatred, but the antidote of popular oppression.

The history of the world is a long narrative of revolution. Power, vested in the individual for the protection and by the will of the multitude, has, in the fickleness of the past and subjection of the present, disowned its primal source, or “amid human blood and hideous pæans” reverted to it. Dynasties have followed dynasties, their origin inglorious as their end; while the necessary bonds of society have been forged, massive and galling by the strokes of Tyranny,—elevated and sustained by the descending wing of Liberty, or shattered and thrown off by the mad violence of Anarchy. Change has been alike ruler of human passions and monarch of empires. Yet laws, written in the deep heart of human nature, have ever retained Omnipotence: since society first required restraint and guidance, similar qualifications have been essential for the acquisition and tenure of ruling power; character has been ever molded, intellect controlled, and activity directed in the same modes and by the same influences. Israel’s minstrel monarch, who quelled her giant foes without and confirmed her vital prosperity within; whose toils foreran the greatest glory of her empire and when thoughts foreshadowed the splendid shrine and inner veil of her religion;—that illustrious orator and statesman, under whose hands

“Athens diviner yet
Gleamed with its crest of columns,”—(*Shelley*)

by whose patronage and care an Æschylus and Phidias ushered in the Golden Age, not of Grecian only, but of universal Art and Literature;—and in more modern times, he who animated our fathers with his own hopeful faith; who gave our country government, without tyranny,—religion, without bigotry,—liberty, without license, and who secured not in name only, its lasting, filial affection;—all these appealing by character and mind to the same abiding laws, and possessing in them the same abiding elements, were gifted with the power of the same abiding Popularity.

Truth, knowledge, love—the principles which are at the basis of this popularity, are likewise the strongholds of its power. The cold sternness of Minerva, like Vulcan’s weapon, which, in the old fable clave in twain her natal prison-house, is brilliant and keen—knowledge alone may make her devotee at once the meanest of mankind; but when incarnated by the potency of Love, vitalized by the spirit of Truth, it becomes an animate reality,—a living, breathing, moving energy, at whose achievements

no man can wonder. Kindness conquers what the sword cannot, freedom of thought—manacles where the conqueror fails, stubborn and struggling mind—inspires sympathy and faith, where, from superior intellect, would spring up envy—from superior virtue, distrust. Truth actualized, truth in its relation to human life and human destiny, is craved by the universal mind. Reared in the breathless chambers of the soul to a form of transcendent beauty, or wrought by poetic art to an ideal of the imagination, it has a sweetness and a charm; but planted in the great heart of humanity, rooted and strengthened by storm and tempest—realized in action and experience, it has life and power. And as the ponderous balance-wheel, which, at a glance, might seem to burthen and retard the complex nation of some vast engine, is in reality the regulator, controller, at times, even the mover of the whole,—so in the machinery of mind is exerted a like influence—is brought into action a ten-fold greater force by that conscientious view of moral obligation which would make right necessary and philanthropy supreme.

The power of persuasion over force, of genius over mediocrity, of truth over error,—such is the power of popularity. It depends on no puritanical and peculiar sanctity. Its sway is not established alone by the principles of Science, the beauties of Literature, and the musings of the Porch. Dexterity in argument and craft in logic, are not its only ministers. In its composition, the stability, energy, and influence of all these are combined in harmony. From the charity and immutability of principle; from the resources and authority of erudition; from the nurture and vigor of seclusion; from the creative magic and witching tracery of art,—at man's altar-shrine of Mammon and in Nature's temple to her God, popularity collects its energies and commands its agents. The recipient of its power must have imparted the complexion of his own thought—the persistency of his own determination to every individual opinion and every individual purpose; must have introduced new ideas, supported by old experience; fresh development of old exertion; original application of old attainment. As the political press of the present day must be the exponent and engine of popular sentiment to secure popular influence and support, so he must be the repository of past faith and hope, the representative of present advancement and belief, to be the oracle of future realization and achievement,—to display in their full depth and power, to convey in their full energy and meaning, practical truths of polity and progress. He must have thought deeply and argued soundly. He should have the skill to detect, and the adroitness to thwart—not the depravity to practice, or the intrigue to conceal that self-

ish ambition and eager cunning which divine the policy that actuates—which devise the ephemeral career that charms the pursuivant of popularity through the by and forbidden ways of error—the political wanton who smiles on every interest and has encouragement for every party—the gambler in popular confidence—the would be regicide of truth. The character of the popular man does indeed require dexterity, zeal, ambition,—but of them he must be the master, not the slave. Like the witch of old he must conjure into actual being—consult in body and in spirit, the Samuels of past prophesy, the philosophers of past investigation. Like Virgil's hero, whose eye beheld the impassioned fury,—whose ear drank in the inspired teachings of the Amphryian Sibyl—ere he gain Elysian realms, he must pluck the golden bough and prepare the honeyed cake. And like the hero of bloody conflict, the Mars of early worship ;—like the martyr of long-suffering and lingering death, the Simeon Stylites of early zeal ;—like the pilgrim of the conventicle and wilderness, of Plymouth Rock and Marston Moor, the Christian of early sanctity,—he must mark his whole course with a courage, true and unfailing—a devotion, unselfish and unreserved.

Ancient chroniclers of the East inform us that the royal sceptre, as it was extended or withheld, decreed welcome or death to those who sought unbidden audience with the Persian King. So Truth, a monarch of more than Persian glory—of greater than Persian empire, is wont to select from the uncounted number who throng her court, and to display in the clear light that surrounds her throne, those who have had her interests at heart, her battles in hand. As soon as partisan prejudice has gasped its last troubled breath ; as soon as the false representations of the envious and cowardly sink to the profound meanness of their own origin and character, so soon will her approach dissipate the receding night and her scepter designate to an attending world its real benefactors. Let any one who wishes a people's affectionate remembrance,—the world's undying respect, rather than momentary applause and adulation, turn his ear from the whisperings of unrighteous policy ; throw off conventional and party trammels, and labor with his whole soul and might to learn its lessons from “the past of Time”—to comprehend the constitution of mind and to know the laws and sequences of Human nature,—let him seek the improvement of his own powers—the happiness of others—the prosperity and progress of his country ;—then shall he have taken a great step in acquiring the permanent power of a true and unwavering Popularity.

R. Y. R.

The Voyage of Life.

[The leading idea contained in the following lines, as will readily be perceived, is the same with that embodied in the great painting of the same title, by Thos. Cole.]

MORN gilds the shadowy east;
 Above the summits of the distant steeps
 A swelling tide of softened glory creeps,—
 And, speeding forth in all their bright array,
 Proclaim the glittering couriers of day
 Night's empery hath ceased.
 The landscape smiles, and all the thousand rills,
 That issue sparkling from the eternal hills,
 Their gladness murmur to the banks they lave,
 And kiss the sunbeams on each rippling wave.
 The fleecy clouds that deck the o'er hanging blue
 Aurora tints with her own roseate hue,
 And dazzling bright, like spirits wandering free,
 They float at random o'er the crystal sea.
 The dawn proclaims from slumber's reign release,
 And bids the sway of night's dark sceptre cease.

Within a quiet glen,
 Beneath the shelter of a deep recess,
 Secluded from the haunts of men,
 Enshrined in loveliness,
 There rests a tiny lake in calm repose,
 From which a smooth and gentle streamlet flows.
 Its winding course it takes through valleys green,
 And softly glides gay flowery banks between.
 While o'er its waves the flitting shadows go,
 Of foliage swayed by zephyrs to and fro;
 And trees reflected in its mirror seem
 Inverted all, beneath the silver stream.

A fairy bark lies moored beside the shore,
 With canvas trimmed, and pennon streaming o'er.
 Its build so light, symmetrical and fair,
 Like snow-white bird it rides the water there;
 With arching neck, and pinions plumed for flight
 To airy realms beyond the bounds of sight.
 A youthful voyager to-day would glide,
 O Time, adown thy smooth resistless tide;
 Hope takes the helm—a pilot tried and brave,
 To guide the vessel o'er the mimic wave.

The cable loosed—the bark delays no more,
And cuts the wave, as fast recedes the shore.

Unseen, above, around
Bright spirits hovering
Attend the "Outward Bound,"
While gentle breezes bring
A soft and rustling sound,
As if of cherub's wing.

With beaming eyes and lofty brow serene—
With trustful, hoping, yet majestic mien,
Hope points to realms that shine with radiant light.
Whose pearly gates debar the approach of night:
Whose skies with all the rainbow's colors glow,
And music blends with distant fountains' flow.
Youth gazes long, by Hope's bright visions fired,
With mingling glories, rapt, entranced, inspired,
As if the Future, as to seers of old,
Its hidden secrets might to him unfold.
While Fancy paints with all the artist's fire,
And starting forth, dome, shaft and gilded spire
Beneath her pencil greet the admiring gaze,
As each its touch in gorgeous hues portrays.
Like fabled tales of Oriental lands,
And lofty structures raised by viewless hands,
A Crystal Palace rears its dome on high,
Whose gilded turrets pierce the azure sky;
Bright, beckoning spirits, round unnumbered throng,
And Hope exulting, cheers the way with song.

The streamlet now a silent river grows,
And broader, deeper, on majestic flows.
Green wave the branches o'er the glassy tide—
Rich verdure springs its grassy brink beside
Youth gazes still, with wondering, longing eyes,
On that fair Palace glistening in the skies,
Superbly grand, yet baseless and unreal,
A fading fabric—Fancy's frail ideal.
Yet blest the vision, though it mocks pursuit—
Though fairest blossoms yield but bitter fruit:
If Virtue lead, and Wisdom point the way,
Hope's brightest dreams can never lure astray!
Then blest the vision, for it bids us on,
Resolved to toil until the goal be won;
Its dazzling light Life's present ills conceals,
And all the Future's promised bliss reveals.

The golden moments come and flee,
 And Youth is wrapped in reverie ;
 But dreaming as he sits, the while
 Upon his lips there creeps a smile ;
 A smile of conscious triumph, bright
 As if with sense of inward might ;
 While shines with kindling light his eye,
 And flushed his face—his heart beats high,
 He takes the helm his boat to steer,
 And breathes these words of joyous cheer :

“A smile for the parting hours,
 And a cheer for the rushing breeze,
 And joy on the breath of the blossoming flowers,
 As we bound to the billowy seas.
 The echo of music afar,
 And the splash of the glittering spray—
 And a radiant light like the beckoning star,
 That shines on the mariner’s way.

There’s a curl of the rippling waves,
 As they dance round the tiny prow ;
 And a dream of a murmuring fount that laves
 A parched and a wearied brow.
 But the vision is heeded not
 While the hurrying moments fly,
 For dark is the shadow of ominous thought,
 When hope and its promise are by.

Then a smile o’er the joys that are past,
 And a hope for the blessings to come,
 Nor a wish for the pleasures that always must last,
 And leave no fair future to bloom.
 Ye zephyrs lend wings to our flight,
 Blow, blow all ye favoring gales,
 Bear us on with the strength of your measureless might,
 As ye breathe o’er Arabia’s vales.”

MID-DAY.

The song is a song of the Long-Ago,
 For the hours of Youth are fled,—
 With the moments that came and went so slow,
 The streamlet’s measured and musical flow,
 And the heavens so bright o’er head ;
 The joys and the sorrows, the weal and woe—

In the grave of the silent Past lie low,
Lie low with the buried dead.

On the wings of the viewless winds a knell
Floats slowly and sadly by;
And the gushing tears from their fountains well
As the solemn toll of the passing bell
Comes faint like a mourner's sigh:
As if at the voice of some wizard spell,
Whose tones on the quivering heartstrings fell,
In that sound how the thronging mem'ries tell
Of the pleasures that fade and die.

Those dim recollections, how spectral they stand
Up springing around in a shadowy band:
How the Past to the vision comes vividly back,
Each ripple that sparkled and curled round our track,
The perils avoided—the pleasure now o'er,
And dreams of delight which may dazzle no more;
The love of a mother, that nought could impair,
Whose riches were lavished in weariless care!
Her accents of tenderness, earnest and mild,
When pleading for blessings to rest on her child;
The hand of a sister laid soft on the brow,
Whose warm, loving touch Death hath iciled now;
And another who wielded a magical spell,
Whose tones on the ear with strange witchery fell,
Till the heart with an image forbidden was filled,
And the soul with a passionate melody thrilled,—
All, all, how they crowd on the wildering brain,
And the scenes of the past are enacted again.

But why look back? the Future still is fair,
And Hope, thy glorious visions yet are there;
Though dimmed their luster—faint their splendor grown,
And paled the light which erst resplendent shone,
Attractive still to manhood's sober view,
He turns away the phantom to pursue.
Thus end too oft our promises and fears,
With new resolves and penitential tears,—
We glance behind, and sigh a vain regret,
Pause, plan and ponder, purpose and forget.
The current now with still increasing force,
Sweeps sternly on, a giant in its course.
The velvet banks that once lay side by side,
Like early friends, by Time are parted wide,

And wider sundered in his rapid flight,
Till lost alike to memory and to sight.

Day's glittering monarch now hath risen high
Along the liquid pathway of the sky,
And in his full meridian splendor shines,
Too soon to fade as parting day declines.
Nor all unclouded is that splendor now,—
From earth awhile he hides his placid brow,
And vailing o'er his countenance serene,
But faintly smiles, the falling tears between.
Now fearless mariner, mind well the helm,
Lest angry waves thy fragile bark o'erwhelm;
White foam the billows 'neath the rising blast,
The canvas strains and bends the taper mast,
While hidden rocks beset the dangerous path,
And furious winds vent their impetuous wrath.
Thou hast a chart—a sure, unerring guide,
'Twill point thy way whatever storms betide:
With this through life thy devious course to steer,
No dangers dread—no evils mayest thou fear;
No ills can fright, or tempests then appall
'Twill be thy light, thy compass and thine all.
Now fiercer breaks the spray above the deck,
And wilder winds ghit o'er the threat'ning wreck;
False, lurid lights shine but to lead astray,
And o'er the sky grim, fitful lightnings play;
The sullen thunder rumbles through the air,
With shriek of fiends and wail of wild despair.
Can aught to save yon shallop light avail,
Or calm the fury of the maddened gale?
Above the roar a clear, small voice is heard,
And winds and waves obey the whispered word;
Its tones with awe their hosts tumultuous thrill,
And warring legions stand abashed and still.
The rocks are past, and as the storm subsides,
Adown the stream the boat now smoothly glides;
The clouds withdraw—the sun looks out once more,
And time is speeding as it sped before.

EVENING.

Look once again, while day's declining light
Unfolds new wonders to the raptured sight.
In radiant beauty lies the golden west,
The shadowy portal of the mansions blest;

The clouds distent with no impending storms,
 Dispose their drapery in fantastic forms,
 And brightly glow with new and hidden fires,
 A transient blaze before the flame expires.
 Still nears the bark that shore whence none return,
 And silent, musing, in its battered stern,
 Where Youth once sat in mute amazement lost.
 Dim Age now sits, on troubled billows toss'd ;
 A weary waste of waters stretched before,—
 Around, behind, the breaker's sullen roar.
 With folded hands he clasps his pensive brow,
 Of storm or calm alike unconscious now.
 Fond Memory comes once more, and at his feet
 Unlocks the casket with her stores replete :
 A sad, sweet smile the friendly vision wears,
 Though moist her eye, her forehead marked with cares.
 Age grasps her hand and folds her to his breast,
 Its fondly cherished, last departing guest ;
 Soft, murmuring voices linger on his ears,
 And these his words, amid the blinding tears :

“ I dream no more ; the real comes
 To put the fanciful to flight ;
 And stately halls and fairy domes,
 Like fleeting visions of a night
 That fade before the morning light,
 Have passed away, their splendor o'er,
 I dream no more, I dream no more.

I wreathed in fancy, garlands gay,
 And culled the choicest flowers,
 Nor thought that Time must bear away
 Upon the swiftly winged hours,
 All that we fondly think is ours.
 But now that last illusion o'er,
 I dream no more, I dream no more.

This life is real—it is vain
 To dream the fleeting gift away,
 To cherish e'en a gilded chain,
 Be it as pleasant as it may ;
 Night is for dreams—for action, day.
 The spell that bound me now is o'er,
 I dream no more, I dream no more.

Hope, where are now thy flattering tales?
 Thy brilliant land of promise, where?
 Alas thy firm assurance fails:
 Thy fabrics traced so light and fair,
 Were gossamer on fickle air;
 Departed all the charms they wore—
 I dream no more, I dream no more.

I sigh not to awake at last,
 And find my garlands dead,
 Nor grieve o'er cherished day-dreams past,
 O'er brief and baseless visions fled,
 And gorgeous bubbles burst o'erhead.
 Let Fancy cease to wildly soar,
 I dream no more, I dream no more."

'Tis well; with spirit still—resigned,
 Life's fleeting charms are left behind;
 A faded wreath—a broken lyre
 Along whose mute yet quivering wire
 The last faint rays of sunlight gleam,
 Float all unheeded down the stream.
 No longing look as passions start—
 No strife to check the throbbing heart;
 No tears the deep emotions tell,
 He breathes a calm—a firm farewell.
 Night draweth on, the shadows come,
 And hail the weary wanderer home.
 Frail Life—though closed thy transient day,
 Life now *begins*, to last for aye.
 Time—soon thy stream confined, will be:
 Absorbed in one unbounded sea,
Eternity! whose viewless shore
 Extends and widens evermore.
 Hope—now no more the phantom flies
 Thy *brightest* dreams would realize,
 For glad Fruition thrills the heart,
 With joys that Hope can ne'er impart.
 Storm-beaten bark, thy voyage past,
 The welcome port appears at last;
 Worn mariner, enjoy thy rest,
 Secure from cares, supremely blest.

The Age of Thought and the Age of Speculation.

THE dominant feature of an age, though necessarily combined with and modified by other elements, gives name and character to the age. The Age of Thought is not wholly free from fancies, nor is the Age of Speculation altogether one of impracticable theories.

Antecedent to either is the era of Force. The right of might is rarely and feebly questioned. Mind is in subjection. Matter is in the ascendancy and grows strong by discipline, by confidence and success. Thought and Speculation are in their infancy, enfeebled by want of exercise, confined within narrow limits and crippled by despotism. The era of Force is the era of the Pyramids; in Greece the heroic, in modern times the feudal. Upon the remains of the Cyclopean Architecture, upon the traditions of this period, is the impress of one idea. Then was enacted in reality the myth which the genius of after ages wrought into forms of art. Atlas was seen toiling under his burden, Laocöon struggling with the slimy monster, and Thought bowing the neck to the heel of her brutal oppressor.

But an unnatural state of things cannot always continue. That which is specifically heaviest will eventually find the bottom. Thought cannot be extinguished and the discipline which would retard and check its growth gives it by degrees an obstinate vigor and hardness.

Abuses become more importunate and force themselves upon the notice of even the callous and indifferent. Thus dawns the Age of Thought.

It is an age of Earnestness, and is not the time for childish speculations. Crises are approaching; something is to be done, and that promptly, resolutely and prudently. Problems arise that must be solved in earnestness, and in watchfulness and tears is their solution awaited.

There is need of Investigation. The Past is brought forward and its voices interrogated. Motives and heart experiences are to be studied, and each turns involuntarily inward to his own secreted self for the clue which will lead him to the hearts of others.

Hence it is an age of Self-knowledge. It must in its beginnings also be an age of Experiment. It is a new era; it can depend upon the Past for few principles and fewer experiences. It must strike boldly upon untried paths, learning wisdom from its own mistakes and content if the resultant of many a side exploration and wandering in by-paths be some advance in the right direction.

Then when Thought is ripe and Oppression still jubilant, action becomes

efficient. Then Luther reaches the goal of many a struggle and throws off the last allegiance to a superstition which for years he has striven to reconcile with his own increased light and earnest convictions.

Then men's persuasions take the form of solemn declaration, and a band of modern Luthers post upon the church doors their immortal thesis of equal rights and promise to defend it with pen and with sword. The Age of Thought is an age of Revolutions.

Again it is unfortunately an age of Intolerance. Results arrived at by patient processes of thought are too apt to be deemed infallible. Progress is mistaken for perfection, and he who is conscious of having stood in the van is unwilling to follow where others lead. Who, with all his wonderful penetration and intelligence, more blinded than Luther on the doctrine of transubstantiation? Who more strangely intolerant than they who sacrificed their all on the altar of religious liberty? Such briefly are the characteristics of the Age of Thought.

In Socrates it had reached its culmination. Luther and Cromwell, Shakespeare and Bacon were its exponents. Privileges long withheld are regained; rights long concealed, discovered; it is the era of mental, succeeding that of physical force.

The transition to the Age of Speculation is easy and natural. It is gradual, like all developments, constantly exhibiting new features and stronger characteristics. It may be variously accounted for. There is a natural tendency in the mind to speculation. Curiosity leads us to assign causes where we cannot discover them, imagination and invention lend their assistance. In troublous times this disposition is kept in check. Pressing emergencies demand decided action and leave neither time nor inclination to indulge in reverie. It may be accounted for in some of its phases, by the common tendency of things to excess. A valuable original begets its imitation almost as inevitably as the substance its shadow.

A profitable business is soon crowded with practitioners and among the throng must be many superficially qualified. The world gives credit to its great thinkers, and thinkers begin to multiply. Meaningless phrases, groundless hypotheses and undue assumptions are foisted upon the heedless and uncritical for the infallible deductions of logic. Toil and skill have brought gold from the mine; speculation grasps the glittering ore and, too impatient to submit it to the proper test, attempts to pass it for what it may not be.

As the Age of Speculation is productive of unsubstantial theories it is also characterized by credulity. No theory is so wild or imposition so

absurd as not to boast its advocates. Hence the increase of dupes is in the same ratio with that of creeds and speculations.

Moreover it is an age of Books. Thought appeals to mind through the printed page ; thought's semblance must do likewise. Let us not be understood to maintain that there is *nothing but* a semblance, that there is less thought absolutely, than before—only relatively. A class of minds which once were comparatively inactive are now busied with speculation. Old restraints are removed and the mind seems to revel in its freedom. The intoxication of new liberty and the disposition to imitate what is valuable without the requisite ability, give rise to most of the vagaries and fanciful projects which distinguish the Age of Speculation from its more sedate predecessor. There are undoubtedly many more valuable books in circulation in the nineteenth century than there were in the eighteenth, but so there are vastly many more poor ones. It is to be feared that books are not valuable in proportion as they are many.

There is increased mental activity, though with less ballast to steady its action. The centrifugal force is constantly liable to overcome the centripetal. One result of this is that it is an age of Inventions. Inheriting the results in practical science attained by years of study and experiment, it deduces from well established facts, principles which in their application are of lasting value to the race. It is constantly employed in exploration and research, tracing old maxims to their remotest implications, and not modest in substituting new ones for the old.

We have spoken of it as characterized by Credulity, but this perhaps deserves a qualification. It is credulous rather of what is new ; with regard to the old there is more skepticism. Admiring the boldness which reaches conclusions *per saltem*, it forgets to doubt and neglects to examine. But native independence leads it to disregard the sanction of mere authority ; what is old is too apt to be included in the fate of the Jewish ceremonial, abrogated by a new dispensation.

If Bigotry characterizes the Age of Thought, so does Latitudinarianism that of Speculation. Our fathers hanged the witches ; we are very careful to avoid any such mistakes and open the arms of our toleration wide enough to embrace every creed, I had almost said every *color*, within them.

We dread nothing more than the cry of intolerance ; the unscrupulous trafficker in poisons shelters himself behind it, and the cold-blooded assassin urges *his* claim upon our mercy and forbearance.

As we cannot assign the precise day in which the child becomes a man, so we cannot fix definitely the boundary which separates the Age of

Thought from that of Speculation. There is a gradual progress, an unfolding from one epoch to another. Thought is not at once and completely triumphant over oppression ; it toils in secret, rises, is crushed, and toils away again.

One generation of men succeeds to the rights and privileges of another, by whom but now it was looked down upon as in its minority. So it is with principles ; the new grow up by the side of the old, and at length inherit their place and power. Speculation takes its rise in the hot-beds of Thought ; its characteristics are mainly inductions from the premises of the latter.

We have thus far considered the *intellectual* characteristics of these two periods. In the one, reason and judgment preponderate ; processes are slow, and, when the data are sufficient, results are generally correct. In the other, imagination and fancy lead the way ; conclusions are reached rapidly, yet in most cases no less surely, because means are simplified.

What are their products respectively in matter and morals ?

It is for the Age of Thought to originate ; for that of Speculation to improve ; simplicity and solidity mark the forms of the one—grace and lightness those of the other. The defects of the former naturally are nakedness and repulsiveness ; of the latter exuberance and redundancy.

In morals the Age of Thought exhibits more of austerity and perhaps more of self-righteousness. Strictness almost takes the form of penance, and virtue is stern and repulsive rather than alluring. The Age of Speculation interprets its creed less literally ; it is far more busied with generalities ; its schemes of benevolence and social improvement are on an extensive scale ; it seeks to move in the mass and fully acknowledges the principle of freedom in individual action, meddling with private affairs rather to gratify a spirit of curiosity than of dictation.

It remains to compare the influence of these two periods upon the individual and social well-being of mankind.

The Age of Thought is one of Social advancement. Right, as we have seen, rises above might, or rather might allies itself to right. Security of life and property is established,—power is wrested from the few and distributed among those whose right it is. The Roman *plebs* receives its share of Roman privileges as well as burdens. The Magna Charta is extorted from King John,—a recognition of independence from George the Third. The freedom of the individual is restricted in order to protect that of society.

The Age of Speculation develops the man. The brightest stars of Greece were those that lighted her decline. Poetry, painting and sculp-

ture, give full play to the imagination and shed each a light around its votary which makes him visible in bold relief through shades and mists of ages. Plato, Zeno, and Aristotle, have come down to us through their philosophy stamped with intense individuality. Genius has everything to encourage, little to repress its ardor,—and if the stimulus be strong enough to beget exertion, the man will rise above the mass and stand among his peers. Not less should this be a period of social prosperity. The basis of society was securely laid when men were occupied with first principles; when the prevailing idea was that of strength and solidity; when mental vigor displayed itself in the depth of its researches rather than in the brilliance of its flights. The succeeding age has raised upon this foundation a structure combining both convenience and grace.

It is thus that the Age of Speculation promotes civilization. It is abundant in its inventions, fertile in its resources, all-embracing in its philanthropy.

The broad and winding river flows steadily on in its channel, an exhaustless reservoir of waters. From it the gentler showers come, which, falling on the distant hill-tops and interlying vales, revive the drooping verdure. The treasures won by years of thought an age of quicker life receives, adorns and spreads abroad.

J. K. L.

Imagination in Literature.

Of the forms in which Imagination finds expression, music, painting, and sculpture, are more perfect within their limits than Literature, but narrower in their range.

The perfection of form is attained in sculpture, the perfection of sensuous beauty in painting, and the perfection of sound in music. These all impress the mind more directly, perhaps, also, more permanently than literature, inasmuch as they are manifest objects of sense. But literature is a more full and universal expression of Imagination than either or all of these; it ranges both below and above them. It lacks indeed the distinctness and individuality of parts, but has the uniformity and completeness of a whole.

The Imagination is both constructive and creative. As a constructive

power its widest field is history. Here everything is fixed; no invention is allowed; the events, scenes, characters, must all be taken as they are, without addition, without exaggeration, without coloring. And yet from this unplastic material not less than four kinds of history have been written. There is the correct but frigid narrative which abounds in truths, yet gives only a partial view of *truth*—and that often the least important;—philosophical history, which gives deductions rather than events, vital causes rather than individual character;—a third kind, the exact opposite of this, in which every object is so intensely realized to the mental vision of the writer that it entirely occupies his field of view, and causes, effects, relations, are lost sight of;—and the fourth is the joint product of the Reason and the Imagination. This is evidently the rarest and most difficult species of historical composition. It is here that the Imagination appears as a constructive power, alike essential to the representation of the truth of things and the formation of a perfect work of art. Clearly no array of statistics, no labor of detail, no generalization of events, no logical grouping of results, would be recognized by any one as the *likeness* of his own age. Equally certain is it that instead of a work of art such a composition would be a mere mechanical connection of members destitute of organic unity. But the Imagination, recognizing its limitation to the actual, transports itself to a past age and enters as a vitalizing principle into the materials which have been collated by patient industry and subjected to the alembic of the understanding. At its presence the whole mass glows and warms into life; objects assume their proper significance and are grouped in their true relations. Abstract principles become living ideas, working in the souls of men. Manners, conditions, habits, which, by the Understanding had been regarded as dead forms, become concrete realities, exerting a controlling influence on the individual, on the national life. A sensibility to local influences, a sympathy with national sentiments, beliefs, prejudices, are felt,—not so intense as to lead captive the Understanding, yet sufficiently vivid to enlighten and inform it. Human actions and events, estimated by the Reason alone, are like a prisoner on trial before a court which is constitutionally incapable of appreciating the motives which determine his conduct or of discriminating between errors of judgment and wickedness of purpose—between the yieldings of a weak nature and the spontaneity of a malicious one. But when the Imagination is associated with Reason the court descends from its judicial eminence, ceases to look from without upon the exterior surface of things, and mingles among the

scenes, and from an interior, central point of view, observes the public, the private, the social relations on which it is to pronounce.

The two kinds of Imagination, though radically distinct from each other, are often united in the same work. Historical romance belongs exclusively neither to the one nor the other; the general course of events is such as has actually transpired, and the characters are, for the most part, taken from life, and as far as these are made to subserve the purpose of the writer, the same constructive management is required as in history; but a wide field for invention is left both in the conduct of the plot and the shaping of characters.

Again, a minor province of Imagination is picturesque representation. Macaulay's death of Charles the Second, Webster's description of the murder of White, Wirt's sketch of Blannerhassett—are not simply a reflection of facts as they came to the minds of the authors, but are drawn with a precision of outlines, a distinctness of feature, a warmth of coloring as striking as any landscape painting.

This vividness of description and statement belongs to the *creative* Imagination also. Take the following from Byron's Dream of "Darkness":

"The bright sun was extinguished and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air."

* * * * *

"The world was void,
"The populous and the powerful were a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, lifeless,—
A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and oceau, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their graves;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air
And the clouds perished; darkness had no need
Of aid from them—she was the universe."

This from Shelly's "Prometheus Unbound." Prometheus chained to a precipice in a ravine of icy rocks in Caucasus, addresses the "Monarch of the Gods and Demons":—

"The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals, the bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones."

The creative Imagination may have for its "object-matter" either human character and achievements, and the theatre of their display, or it may transcend these limits and deal with superior intelligences in supernal or infernal regions. In the former, the materials—in a rude, inorganic state—are coextensive with human society. What, then, in the production of a great Epic, or Tragic Poem, is due to the Imagination, what to the other faculties of the mind? Without assuming to define the exact boundaries, it may safely be affirmed that, from the beginning of the conception in the author's mind down to the last phase of the plot and the final disappearance of the actors, the Imagination is the grand, the sole impelling power. Experience may furnish some restrictions and the judgment may impose some checks, but they are no more *efficient* to the production of the poem than are the banks to the flowing of the stream. But for the pressure at the source, the water would never have bubbled from the ground. But for the Imagination there would have been neither Epic nor Drama.

Finally, the highest order of the Imagination is that which creates its own object-matter,—place, scene, plot, characters. Passing beyond the material world and the laws that govern it, taking everything from the unseen, the unrevealed, the spiritual, it becomes a law unto itself, and its most perfect expression is the sublimest product of the human mind.

Here Milton, of all men, wrought most wonderfully. Of the Paradise Lost I shall not presume to speak, but refer to it as an expression of this rarest order of Imagination.

To a Friend.

THE jessamine wild is creeping nigh,
The Summer's breath floats softly by,
The rustling pines strange music bear,
The wild rose faint perfumes the air,
The violet slumbereth beside
Some beauteous blossom in its pride,

The South is warm as Northern May,
Yet I am lone, from thee away.

The wild bird pours its softest strain,
Its gentle mate sings some refrain,
The waters gush to music by,
The next wave bringeth low reply ;
A cloudless sky looks on the bowers,
A Southern sun has kissed the flowers ;
Though Summer's breath is on the lea,
My heart turns toward the South for thee.

So soft the sleeping moonlight seems
As some bright fancy of our dreams,
So still and pale the star-light weaves
Sadness that to the spirit cleaves.
It haunts our rest the live-long night,
We watch the stars fade from our sight,—
Art watching too? 't were heaven to be,
Like them, still looking down on thee.

IRIS.

Memorabilia Valensia.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINES.

NO. III.—“THE STUDENT’S COMPANION.”

THIS Magazine was commenced in January, 1831, and is interesting not simply as one of a series, but as possessing a curious history of its own. Its title-page is as follows: “The Student’s Companion, By the Knights of the Round Table,”—beneath which is a wood-cut of a massive table covered with books and manuscripts.

Upon the third page of the cover of No. 1, is the following notice:

“To the Subscribers and Readers of the Student’s Companion:—Whereas much reasonable curiosity has been generally expressed with regard to the persons who have the charge of this periodical, information is hereby given to all who feel interested in the decision of this question, that the principal Editor of the Student’s Companion is a member of the Senior Class of this College, and no person is engaged in it who is not a member of the University. We would further give

notice, that as we are determined to keep our real names a secret for the present, and as no man has a right to complain of this resolution so long as we do not abuse that secrecy, any attempt to twist the secret from us will be met and resisted as unjustifiable and impudent impertinence. Therefore we give fair warning, that when the question is put to us, we shall not hesitate to say No; thus using the common privilege of authors *incognito* by giving a plain denial, if such an answer appear necessary, for the preservation of the secret of Editorship.

We are yours respectfully,

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE."

In the second Number the Knights promised to reveal themselves in the Sept. No. which, however, never appeared.

In lieu of Board of Editors, we give the knightly names of the Editorial "K. R. T." as they briefly designate themselves:

Arthur Fitzeldyn,	The Narrator,
Roland Hopeton,	The Novelist,
Lancelot Grammont,	The Reflector,
Jeffrey McGrawler Blackwood,	The Critic,
Francis Von Haller,	The Philosopher,
Thomas Blondell,	The Troubadour,
Raphael Werner,	The Delineator,
Harry Tudor,	The Recorder,
Sir Tristram Trapp,	The Politician.

In the first No. "The Recorder" gives us a graphic sketch of these several Knights, to which we can only refer the reader who is so fortunate as to have access to a copy.

The topics of each are the following:

The Recorder :

The Round Table in 4 Nos.

The Narrator :

The History of Yale College, in 4 Nos.

The Critic :

Review of the Water-Witch.

" " Eloquence of the U. S.

" " Southennan.

" " De L'Orme.

The Philosopher :

Noctes Boreales, in 3 Nos.

The Delineator :

" Home, Sweet Home."

The poor Student.

My brother's grave.

The Novelist :

The Meeting of Hallowmass eve.

Love adventures of a Student, No. 1.

Tales of the Forest, in 2 Nos.

The Reflector :

Composition.

Horae Yalenses, in 2 Nos.

The Politician :

Principles.

France.

The Troubadour.

Monody.

Hope in Heaven :

Progress of Liberty.

Fable.

Dying Hymn of Queen Mary.

To my Harp.

Small Beer.

Harry Tudor's part, as his official title indicates, is to report the doings of the Company, which gives opportunity for a variety of discussions respecting the Magazine and its rejected contributions and Editor's Table-matter in general. "Noctes Boreales," or, as F. V. H. himself translates it, "nights in North College," discuss,

1st. Philosophy ; 2d. The doctrines of Pythagoras ; and 3d. The doctrines of Plato. The character of the rest is indicated by their titles.

As a whole, the Magazine, though continued through only four numbers of fifty pages each, forms an ably-written and interesting book; such as a student would like to read and like to write. Each department is quite distinct and each supported with great success.

The authors, as might be expected from the notice quoted above, remained unknown; but since the class of 1831 graduated, it has come to light, that of the Yale periodicals this was entirely the production of a single writer. The Knights of the Round Table were but modifications of one person now known as David Francis Bacon, M. D., of New York City, a brother of the Rev. Dr. Bacon of this city.

CLASS MEETING OF '54.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held Jan. 18th, for the purpose of electing a Class Orator and Poet for Presentation day, Carroll Cutler officiated as Chairman, and Messrs. Lee and Wilson, as Tellers. The following gentlemen were elected:

Orator,—SAMUEL C. GALE, of Mass.
Poet,—JOSEPH M. SMITH, of Conn.

CLASS MEETING OF '55.

The Class of '55 assembled on Saturday, Jan. 28th, for the purpose of electing Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine. A. M. Lyon presided, G. A. Kittredge acted as Secretary, and Messrs. Bronson and P. H. Woodward, as Tellers. The following gentlemen were chosen :

W. H. L. BARNES, Springfield, Mass.
E. MULFORD, Montrose, Pa.
W. T. WILSON, Brooklyn, L. I.
S. T. WOODWARD, Wyoming Valley, Pa.
H. A. YARDLEY, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

At the regular Election, Feb. 22d, the following officers were chosen :

LINONIA.	BROTHERS.
	<i>President.</i>
W. F. FLAGG,	J. W. WILSON.
	<i>Vice-President.</i>
A. H. GUNN,	T. G. RITCH.
	<i>Secretary.</i>
R. C. SHOEMAKER,	W. WHEELER.
	<i>Vice-Secretary.</i>
H. E. PARDEE,	L. L. DUNBAR.

At a special meeting of the Senior members of the Brother's Society, J. W. HUSTED was elected Society Valedictorian.

At a special meeting of the Senior members of the Linonian Society, A. H. GUNN was elected Society Valedictorian.

PRIZES IN THE SOCIETIES.

The Debates in the following Classes have taken place, and the prizes have been awarded by the Umpires to the following persons:

LINONIA.

Senior Class—18th of February.

Umpires—Rev. Dr. TAYLOR, Prof. W. A. LARNED, Hon. E. K. FOSTER.

Prize—JAS. E. RAINS.

BROTHERS.

Junior Class—17th of February.

Umpires—Professors BISSELL and DUTTON, H. B. HARRISON, Esq.

Prize—C. M. TYLER, and S. T. WOODWARD.

Freshman Class—15th of February.

Umpires—Rev. Dr. FITCH, Prof. DANA, and Rev. Mr. STRONG.

1st Prize—J. M. HOLMES and N. C. PERKINS.

2d Prize—J. C. JACKSON.

3d Prize—H. POWERS.

Editor's Table.

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

WELL, readers of the "Lit.," our time to talk has rolled around again. Therefore ere we commence a confidential chit-chat, we ought to say that we are thankful for being alive. When we pitched into the editorial business, or rather, "went into business with the Yale Lit.," just about a year since, we thought it was a very small matter to "get off" a magazine; but now, whether attributable to any higher standard in College literature, or a higher ideal of what an editor should do, we confess that, in the midst of "new regulations," Senior studies, and Lectures, &c., that it is "a leetle the greatest bore out." Excuse us for saying "bore;" we don't mean that, for the Yale Lit. never "bores" any one, especially its *readers*. By the way, since small things often suggest matters of importance, we have noticed ever since our entrance into "this illustrious and venerable institution," "occupying the first position of all the literary institutions" in "this broad, progressive, go-aheaditive, and free republic," that the Yale Lit. has always been spoken of as a *College* imposition, as if it did not give you the "worth of your money;" as if it was brought into existence merely for the purpose of affording an arena upon

which ambitious writers might display themselves, or where *popularity* might be tested, or where junior societies may strive for superiority.

Now, all this mere trash generally comes from that portion of the College community who do not subscribe, or if subscribe, do not pay for the magazine ; or from that portion who have too much sense to be *humbugged*, and not too little delicacy to borrow the Lit. from a classmate, and of late years (indicative of the progressive nature of impudence) from its Editors ! We don't intend to permit any one to get angry on account of what we have just said, because we confess that it is a failing of ours to say just what we please about matters and things, so far, at least, as justice and propriety will permit. If dissatisfied *non-subscribers* desire evidence of the superiority of the Yale Lit. over other similar magazines, let them adjourn "en masse" (provided they are not ashamed) to the "sanctum sanctorum" of our worthy chairman, and inspect for themselves our truly interesting and well conducted exchanges, which, despite their merit, bow respectfully to the progeny of Yale. We have made the foregoing remarks, not on account of an excess of antipathy to the Lit. *now* more than in former times. On the contrary, because there is less of such feeling than formerly ; but everybody knows how bad we feel when improvements are soiled by *few* defects, and how much more severe all are upon *remnants* of old evils, than upon those which have *never* yielded to treatment. Indeed, we are happy to say, to the enterprise and College patriotism of modern days, that our dearly beloved magazine was never in better *pecuniary* health — never before could the darling damsel say that she had the worth of existence ; for, we believe this is the first year since its birth that the magazine *has paid for itself*. Now, in our proud independence, we command all croakers "forever to hold their peace." Before leaving this subject, we take this opportunity of congratulating the Class of '53 on the talented corps of editors which they have selected for their own year. And to these fortunate (! !) young gentlemen themselves we have only to say, that, when the time comes, we will *most willingly* introduce them, not to "Maga," for she is no longer a missie," but *Miss Maga Zine*.——We have several little points to take notice of, in the present number, relative to a slight family quarrel in our own board. Your humble servant, who now appears before you, has been *vilely* slandered by one of his brother Eds. We refer to that allusion, in the Nov. No., to "whiskers and whisker-growing," &c. Something was said about some of the Eds. whose "spirit is willing, but flesh weak." We having been the only one of the corps then indulging in incipient whiskers, have some suspicion as to the intended application of the remarks referred to. Now, we candidly confess that we are young, and unable to deal largely in the *foreign* luxury of whiskers ; but we did expect to have the credit of raising a respectable pair of *whiskerets*. However, we will drop this subject, contenting ourself with an apology, contained in an illustration of the manner in which whiskers *may be raised*. You have all read Harper's Magazine, which, unfortunately, is read here more than *Putnam*. Well, if you have, you are doubtless in the habit of examining the quotations from *Punch*, in the concluding pages of *Harper*. Did any of you, dear readers, ever notice a certain caricature of the following order, which is contained in one of the back numbers of that periodical ? It runs somehow thus : Frank meets an old acquaintance, who is wonderfully struck with the tie of his cravat, (one of that shingle kind.) His friend says : "Ah, Ficank, what a miwakulous tie ! How the deuce do you manage it ?"

Frank replies—"But, my dear fellow, you see, I devote my whole attention to it." We didn't to whiskers; nevertheless, we do not doubt "that whiskers are a sign of genius." Not of the "genius of civil liberty," however, because beard is a *barbarous subject*. Ahem! ahem!! We do detest the tendency of the present age to adhere to old puns. About half an hour ago we dropped this subject; we shall, therefore, conclude without any peroration.

Well, readers of the Lit., how are you off for valentines? Strange to say, the Eds. of the Magazine are remarkably non-committal on this point. They either received a *great many*, or *none*. We have our suspicions that they received a great many. If "you ask us why, we cannot tell." All we know about the matter is, that some one informed one of our brother Eds. that his box at the "Post" was full of *something*, (remittances from foreign subscribers, probably, Humboldt or Sir William Hamilton,) and off he *posted*, (there it is again;) but, it is confidently asserted by those who know him well, that even to the present day there is no direct evidence as to what that box contained. We have our suspicions that *he* "was in a box." Speaking of valentines calls to mind a little incident. A certain young friend of ours in one of the "*lower classes*," or, more properly, (it is well for periodicals to consult *expediency*,) a young friend of ours who has not been connected with the institution very long, had lying upon his table a "Dictionary of Quotations," which we happened to pick up. Hurriedly turning over the pages, we chanced upon a beautiful piece of note-paper, which also seemed to serve *temporarily* as a book-mark, or rather a *place-mark*. Oh! what an affectionate piece of poetry! In spite of our Seniority, the book was suddenly snatched from our hands, and we narrowly escaped being "put out." We don't know to the present day *for what reason*.

Speaking of valentines, the following, found in a hymn-book, and written upon one of our "excuse-papers," was handed us by a friend. It appears some love-struck swain thus "piped" to his dulcinea. We substitute a fictitious for the real name.

TO THE LOVELY MISS CROCKETT.

O, charming Miss Crockett,
Your eye in its socket
Gleams out like a rocket,
Just taking its start.

When at me you cock it,
O, what a shock it
Sends through my vest pocket,
Right into my heart!

We have one point yet to touch upon, which affords us great pleasure. We refer to the *new bell*. What a luxury! Some good genius—some good genius of acoustics must be hovering o'er us. We thought when the old bell was cracked, we should "ne'er look upon its like again." But we are wandering from our text, we ought to have said, we feared, we should ne'er *hear* "its like again." But never mind about that,—Acoustics and Optics are not more than a term apart. And well might we have entertained such fears, for a while, because the second bell was not acquainted

with the first principles of College duty. Why, the good-for-nothing old *tinnabulum* (at the same time we don't wish to insult the bell by calling it a 'door-bell' or "cow-bell") could n't even "turn over." What a *καταστροφη*! But what should occur in the "winter of our discontent," but a new-bell arrival!

Reader, for a young man, we have seen many sights—heard many sounds—but few have affected us like the first ictus of the new-bell. And we noticed in going to Prayers on the evening of the *Suspension*—that every one seemed to walk more proudly, and look more manly, as he marched to Chapel under the inspiring influence of the magnum, bonum, novum *tinnabulum*. "These evening bells"—these matin bells—&c. No excuse now, young gentleman, on account of not hearing the bell. So far from this, no one would be so lost to a sense of harmony, which, like the "head of Memnon" "discourses sweet music" "at sunrise." Why, if Jullien comes to New Haven again, we will venture a wager that he gets up a College-bell *Polka*, far superior to the Sleigh-bell *Polka*.

* * * * *

Now, dear readers, we must bid you farewell. We are tired. In the midst of arduous duties, we have found time to devote a few hours to the Yale Lit. If there is anything which, more than anything else, is gained by several years stay at Yale, that thing must be a proper appreciation of time. Here we certainly learn the truth of the maxim, that the "more we have to do, the more we can do." No institution in this country demands so much of her students' time, and no students in the country find more time for everything. Here we are constantly getting up Prize Debates—College papers, Class enterprises, and numberless other things—all of which require labor; and, nevertheless, manage to do all *respectably*, at least. But we must confess that it comes hard, after a severe day's labor, to sit down in the evening and write Articles or Editor's Tables for Magazines, especially hard when all the thanks we get is, nine-times out of ten, a pretty severe criticism. But criticism is right. For it is that merciful antidote to *impudence*, which would otherwise, as it too often does, ride over merit. To a candid judgment upon every literary effort placed before our College community, we are to look for the establishment of a high standard. Although young men should not propose theories too freely, and should be cautious even in their hints at approved usages, there is one thing which, in our view, would tend immeasurably to the formation of an original style, the cultivation of a manly independence in thinking; we refer to a theory of our own, which, though born when we were in the chrysalis state of College existence has coincided with a lengthened experience, and, we hope, an improved judgment. It is a well-known fact that nothing so much weakens the natural force of a young writer, as free access to Reviews and Essays upon the subject chosen for his exercise. We refer now to the writing of compositions in the early part of the course. When the theme is historical, it is proper and right for the student to be well supplied with *facts*. But we do not refer to such themes. Suppose, now, a class in composition—to whom a reward was offered for the best production—in point of style and *thought*. Well, suppose this class in a room, with somebody to watch them, every one having his little "*Biennial Table*, and ignorant of the subjects until he entered the room—that the *length* of his essay were not taken into account, (in order to be strictly just to those who compose slowly, or write slowly, or who do both,) that merit should depend upon the best *style*, *thought*, and *development*, (so far as he pro-

ceeded,) or, in other words, that compositions were written like *Berkeleians* have been of late, (and every one must feel in his heart the wisdom of the regulation,) we would ask if there would not be more sound and original writing than there is even now? And, then, when further on in the course—Reviews of Authors and Historical subjects are given out, on which every one is expected to read—we should not feel that everything said has been said *before* in almost as many words. On the contrary, we should be pleased with the facility with which our writers combine and analyze the views of others so as to bring out new and vigorous thoughts. Then we should have no *mere imitators* of great authors, or imitation of *one another*, but every man would be able to speak for himself, and show how much was in him—as an *individual—a monad*, not how *factitious* he was—not how well he could look “in borrowed plumes.”

But, after all, this is a mere theory of our own, unsupported by any one's experience; but whether such a regulation would be beneficial or not, the principle contained in it is a supportable one, namely: in our early attempts, it is best to depend as much as possible upon ourselves, independent of all aid whatever. Nor does it exclude any one from reading as much valuable reading as he chooses, provided he does not read *to-day*, to *write to-night*, or more generally, provided he is *always* storing his mind with wisdom, and is opposed to becoming wise *too suddenly*. Reader, we did not intend to bore you so long, but this is our last chance to talk to you. We shuffle off our editorial coil with the present number, and, we confess, that we have become attached to you. And if we have lingered longer on the threshold than propriety would dictate, or so long as to expose you to the chilling atmosphere of poor witticism, and poorer dissertations, take it in good part, for we assure you, we mean well enough. In fact, we have given you “good bye” several times, but you have all experienced the loquaciousness of certain kind old ladies some of our hostesses in New Haven, for instance, from whom it is impossible to get away before you have heard all the news, and been made to tell all the news, until you have heard even the price of eggs, chickens, and butter, until you have promised always to “come to your meals,” even if you do sleep over; now we are in a similar situation. We have been standing with our hat in hand ready to make a last bow, for some time; but we keep thinking of something else, and can't stop. Light after light has gone out along the row of College buildings, and here we are yet. Old Somnus has got us now. We are weary, or, in Western dialect, we are “chawed up.” We don our night-cap and blow out our editorial light.

* * * * *

Really, readers of the Lit., you must excuse us. But we have retired, waked up, and found something still to tell you. Some one, inspired with true Magazine affection, has favored us with the following poetical effusion, signed, “X. Y. Z.” It is ingenious and well worthy perusal:

SOLILOQUY.

Freshman Logitur.

Such lessons I've never had set,
 In all the schools I've been in,
 I declare it makes a man sweat
 To think that he's got to begin—

There's the Grammar, the Homer, and "Primmer,"
 To say nothing of what else I've to do,
 There I vow I can't go to dinner,
 I know I shall never get through.

Dear me, I protest, it's too bad
 To work a poor fellow like this,
 Then, besides, I never had had
 An idea, the place w'as such as it is.
 Here is a verb that in vain I've been trying
 For the last half hour to find,
 But I can't sit here and be sighing,
 Though home will come into my mind.

Six times have I varied the base,
 I've protracted again and again,
 The Attic's prefixed in its place,
 I've affixed all the vowels in vain,
 ν, and σ, I've inserted together,
 Substitution I've tried with no gain,
 I've transposed every letter all over,
 It's no use to omit,—that is plain.

I've been studying now for three hours,
 I've mixed up all that I knew,
 Euphony's the insertion of vowels,
 Prosthetic takes away one or two,
 Epenthesis interchanges the letters,
 Syncope puts them in all around,
 Paragoge somewhat the looks betters,
 Apocope refers to the sound.

The stuff I can't understand,
 I won't try any longer, so there!
 But, then, I fear that my stand
 Is down below average far.
 Dear me! I've got to recite
 Some dozen back-lessons or more;
 I'm sure I shall faint and turn white,
 And fall down dead on the floor.

I declare I can't find my book,
 O dear! where on earth shall I go?
 The fact is, here, morals don't look
 Quite as pure as the white-driven snow.
 There were some who would make me a "Brother,"
 Linonians vowed I was a regular brick,
 But when "Statement of Facts" was all over,
 Both sent me along with a kick.

We are really obliged to the author for the above, and would be thankful for something more of the same spicy nature. Since we have the opportunity, we should also mention another subject to our readers. Our dear Maga, we mean Miss Magazine, (it is hard to realize that the child is grown,) has been particularly fortunate of late. In addition to the fine Bookstore (Munson & Bradley's) at which it may be procured, Mr. Stafford, our enterprising and obliging printer, has also changed his "quarters."

Should any one, therefore, desire to see where the "Yale Lit." is printed, let him look at that magnificent building, the fifth from the corner, on the right-hand side of State, as you turn to the left in going down Chapel, and named "Stafford Building." But the fine building is not all, the "Yale Lit." is printed by *Steam-power*. Won't they "come out" fast? Won't that stop inquisitive individuals? We congratulate you, readers, upon the age in which you live. Well, well, well, the "Yale Lit," printed by Steam-Power! " $\omega\gamma\eta\kappa\iota\theta\epsilon\iota!$ "

EXCHANGES.—Knickerbocker, Feb.; North Carolina University Magazine, do.; Stylus, do.; Ladies' Christian Annual, do.; Knoxiiana, do.; Georgia University Magazine, Jan.; Amherst College Magazine, do.; Beloit College Monthly, do.

We return our thanks to Hon. S. A. DOUGLAS, for a copy of his Speech in the Senate on the Nebraska Territory.

ONE of our Exchanges, if we may so term it, is somewhat *unique*. We have been favored with the examination of one or two Nos. of the IRIS, a manuscript periodical of respectable size, and more than respectable contents. Paintings, pencilings, original music, poetry and prose, constitute the latter. The articles are in the hand-writing of the contributors, and though some of them are in a bold, masculine style of chirography, the majority of the contributions, in their external characteristics, as well as in their internal evidence, exhibit a *delicate hand*. Specimens of the latter, (contributions,) as far as types can do justice to them, by permission, we may lay before our readers. The IRIS is conducted by ladies and emanates from a literary circle in a pleasant village—don't you wish you knew where? The embellishments are exquisite, and the ingenuity which conceived the enterprise is more than equaled by the taste with which it is carried out. Long may it live and we live to see it.

ERRATA.—In the second article of the last No., page 91st, line fifth, for "mystic," read *mythic*; page 92^d, line second, for "mellowed," read *mellow*; line fourteenth, for "chime," read *clime*; line twenty-ninth, for "wealth," read *wreaths*; line thirty-third, for "watching," read *witching*.